Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THIS MOMENT.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

THIS moment I hold
Is coin of pure gold—
Such coin as they bring
From the mint of the King.
Shall I waste, shall I spend it?
Shall I hoard, shall I lend it?

Let me spend it—for bread;
For a helpful word said,
For a good deed begun,
For a victory won,
For a friend tried and true!
Thus—I pass it to you.

A WINTER ANNEX.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

PART II.

LUCY'S flowers were the admiration not only of her mates, but of all the circle of older friends. When other window-gardens showed feeble shoots and pale leaves that seemed to be making a discouraged struggle for existence, hers was luxuriant with strong glossy foliage, and blossoms enough to keep at least the memory of summer time.

"It's all luck," said Rose Harper, bending her pretty face over a box where some dwarf tulips made a glowing mass of color. "Some people have it and some don't, and that's all there is about it!"

"What *do* you do to them, Lu?" asked Marion. "I know I fuss over mine enough, but father says he thinks the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty ought to interfere in their behalf, they look so miserable and homesick and discouraged."

"I'm sure I can't tell you," laughed Lucy, "any more than you could tell just how to take care of babies. Mother says it's much the same; the way is just *to take care of them*, to try and understand them so as to know what they want, and give it to them regularly. My plants want a great deal of water, this room has to be kept so warm for grandma, and they get it every morning, all the earth will hold, and at no other time. I found the only way to be sure of not forgetting them was to do it immediately after breakfast, so I take the hot-water pitcher from the table and pour enough cold water in to have it moderately warm, and just soak them all. My ivy and my calla like the water scalding hot. All the pots have plenty of drainage at the bottom, so that the earth does not get sour and solid."

"O, it's of no use to explain," declared Rose; "I'm convinced there's some jugglery about it; you have to say something over them at midnight, and keep some crossed sticks lying about to keep off the evil eye. There, I knew it!" she added, triumphantly, seizing an open-mouthed bottle in which several bare sticks were set. "Here they are this minute!"

"That's an experiment," cried Lucy; "I'm not quite sure of it yet, but I'll tell you about it."

"*This* isn't an experiment. What a lovely thing!"

The "lovely thing" was a common market-basket which had been painted a dull red, lined with heavy oil-cloth, and filled with leaf mold and sand upon a layer of charcoal. Around the handle twined Madeira vines from small tubers set on each side, and all the rest of the space was filled by ferns and plants that love the shade, while masses of coliseum ivy fell over the ends. Upon an old stand a large iron dripping-pan had been fastened, painted the same dull red, and filled with white sand, and upon this the basket with its graceful load was set. The sand absorbed any surplus water, and gave opportunity to sprinkle the basket without damage to the carpet. It stood by a north window, where it had abundant light without sunshine.

"Tell us about the sticks, Lucy," demanded Rose. "I want to be sure there's nothing uncanny going on."

"They are plum and cherry and pussy-willow twigs," said Lucy. "I read that if you put them in water in a warm place they would blossom in winter, and I sent some to Mrs. Loomis to try. I meant to get some more for myself right away, but I kept putting it off, so these are only just put in."

"And did Mrs. Loomis make them blossom?"

"I haven't opened her letter; it didn't seem fair, because a letter is never quite the same after any one else has read it."

"There! I didn't know as any one else felt like that about letters," said Marion. "When I open a letter first it seems to me as if the writer was there just speaking to me; afterward it is like having some one else tell you what your friend said."

"Well, then, let Marion read it, so she can get her full share of the pleasure; I'm satisfied with hearsay myself," said Florence.

Marion opened the envelope, and began to read:

"'MY DEAR GIRLS: As I prepare for a pleasant talk with you this morning, I have all your faces before me, ranged in a little group on the table. Do you wonder how I got them? Some one sent me a beautiful set of cards containing ideal heads—one for each month in the year. I took the six that seemed to me most like you, and wrote your names upon them, so now I have the feeling that I not only know you all by name, but exactly how you look.'"

"That's a lovely idea," said Esther Dean, "and such a nice way to get a picture with all your objectionable features omitted. I suppose my ideal head would not be likely to have a snub-nose and freckles."

"Or mine be more than half-forehead. Go on, Marion."

"'Don't you always form a picture for yourself of people you hear or read about, especially of authors in whom you are interested, and then has it not sometimes happened that when you came across some actual portrait you were greatly disappointed? This is what has often happened to me, and at first I used to feel troubled as if I had lost my friend. But now when the portrait does not agree with my fancy I say, "This is not in the least like my poet, or my story teller. *My* portrait was painted from her thoughts, her soul; that is the part that can never be caught in a photograph, and mine is the true picture; that may be the house she lives in, but she *herself* looks this way."'"

"I'm so glad!" interrupted Florence; "I always knew I was beautiful if it could be made to appear properly."

"Be still, you vain child, we all know what you think! Go on, Marion."

"'I believe I must tell you a little bit about myself before we come to the flowers; maybe it will help some of you by and by, if our Father should ever see fit to train you in this school of suffering, where he has taught me some precious lessons. You must not think of me now as suffering. I am shut out from active life, and my world is rather narrow, but since I cannot go out to find pleasures, my Father kindly sends them to me. I used to have a great many troubled, anxious days, but now I just sit and take what he sends me and enjoy it. Do you know the little hymn, "The secret of a happy day?"

"'"Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As he will.
He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim,
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be molded for the same."'

"'That is one of my "little gospels," and I have to say it over every day, especially the two lines,

'"He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim,"'

because I have really wanted to serve and honor my Father, ever since I was a young girl; and when he took me right out of a school where I was doing my best to train others for his service, and where I felt that I had a good deal of influence, and just laid me aside to suffer and be forgotten, and become so helpless I could not even wait upon myself, it did seem to me very strange. But I can see now he did not "miss his gracious aim." He accepted my service, and he put me just where he wanted me, and gave me the most blessed work to do, and I do believe there isn't a happier woman in all the world than I am. It would take too long to tell you how I came to take up this work of trying to send brightness and comfort to other sick-rooms, but I have been at it over three years. One dear invalid who has money keeps me in paper and stamps, but all the rest are as poor as I am, some of them much poorer, yet we contrive a good many pleasures for each other. Nothing that I have ever sent out has given such delight as the little ferneries. My little Irish neighbor, Norah, was so much afraid that hers might freeze that she set it at night in a starch-box, and took it to bed with her through a week of severe weather. She was the first to report blossoms on the plum branches; they hung the bottle from the stove-pipe against the warm chimney, and when the blossoms made their appearance, her father wrapped her in a blanket and brought her over to tell me the news. The sticks I kept for myself proved to be pussy-willows; I am ashamed to say I thought they were peach, but the downy little darlings crept out from under the brown scale that sheltered them like young chickens from a shell, and seem as much at home in my window as if they were leaning over some meadow brook. What can I say of the fernery? I am sure your hands never planted half of the delicate things that are always preparing some new surprise for me. I have it set in my lap every morning, and search every thread of the surface to see what has happened. For days I watched a cluster of pale green leaves, and was almost beside myself with excitement when a tiny knob in the middle unfolded into a ghostly little violet. It was the palest of blues, and had the wondering, half-scared look of a baby wakened from sleep in a strange house. This morning, from the woolly coil of a new fern-leaf, stepped the airiest, most exquisite atom of a fly, with rainbow wings, topaz eyes, and such a fresh, new-made look, I scarcely dared to breathe lest I might blow him away. Then I have three liverwort blossoms, a plant with curious mottled leaves that are prettier than flowers, and a stem of rosy lilac buds just beginning to unfold, that I *guess* is polygala, the 'pretty polly' of my childhood days, though I haven't seen her in many years. Some thrifty blades of canary grass, that have sprung up in the mass from stray bird-seed, suggest that when all else is gone I can have a thing of beauty by sowing grass-seed.

"'Well, my dears, I am wearying you with a long letter, and all about myself and my affairs, but you will surely be glad to know how your cup of cold water has been blest. I hope you will live for long years of blessed ministry. Be good, do good, and you will be sure to get good. Lovingly and gratefully, MARGARET LOOMIS.'"

Marion gathered up the sheets and began to fold them together. No one said a word for a few minutes. Florence was looking out at the window, Helen was nervously crimping the border of her handkerchief, and Rose was openly crying.

"Girls," said Lucy, "here's a motto for our Winter Annex, '*Be good, do good;*' it's short, simple, and—"

"Comprehensive," added Esther; "it sounds like 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,' and that always seems as if one couldn't be good and clever both."

"I must go home," said Marion; "it's mending day and O, those awful boys, with their horrible stockings and shirts! I do believe I'd rather sit in a chair and write letters to sick people."

But as she went away she was saying over to herself:

"'He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim,
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be molded for the same.'"

"*All thy days*," pondered Marion; "then even mending day helps, and is part of the plan! It does make it easier to look at it that way."

So the feeble hands that meant only a letter of thanks sent in this little verse a seed that was like unsuspected germs in the fernery, and came up a glad surprise in a young girl's heart.

The Winter Annex was only part of a mission, but it grew and grew, and no one can quite tell what may yet come of it.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. VI.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

CALVIN'S CHARACTER AND WORK—HIS LITERARY LABORS—HIS SOCIAL REGIME—EDUCATIONAL WORK—DEFECTS.

WE have traced, somewhat minutely, the local mementoes of Calvin in Geneva. I have proposed to say something about his *character* and *work*. The two words are almost interchangeable; for the work of a great man is the best exponent of his character. So true is this criterion that, in literary work, the maxim that "style is the man" has become a commonplace. We know that Homer must have been characterized by grandeur of thought; that Virgil must have been an elegant and amiable mind; Dante melancholic; Milton noble and sublime; Byron cynical and energetic; or, to come nearer home, that Willis was a polished, intellectual *dilettante;* Poe a suffering genius; Longfellow a graceful and domestic soul. The works of Calvin's pen are a marvel of labor as well as of talent, and are stamped with his mental and moral personality. The first part of his "Institutes" was published, as we have seen, in his twenty-sixth year. It was probably begun some years earlier under the roof of his friend Tillet, in Saintonge, whither he had fled from persecution in Paris. Beza tells us that Louis du Tillet was a young man of a "rich house," who had a "benefice" there; that he sheltered Calvin and induced him to write some "discourses" and "Christian remonstrances" for "his curés in those quarters," by which the people "might get the true knowledge of salvation by Christ." Tillet accompanied him to Switzerland, where the "Institutes" were published. How surprisingly history moves on; the persecutions in France threw some of the best Huguenotic families into our New World; and here, where I am writing about those old times, my hand was grasped, a few days ago, by my friend, Prof. Tillet, of Vanderbilt University, the son of a Methodist itinerant, and a

descendant of the reformer Louis du Tillet, under whose roof Calvin probably began his greatest literary work, the monumental "Institutes." It would take nearly all this letter to give merely the titles of Calvin's later writings—his commentaries on most of the sacred books; his special theological treatises; his pamphlets, continually springing from the press, on any heresy that appeared among the reformers, whether in Switzerland, or in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Hungary; his replies to the incessant attacks of Catholic writers. Add to this labor his really immense correspondence with the leading Protestants of all those countries; his work as pastor and preacher of Geneva, preaching eight days out of every fifteen; his daily lectures as theological professor; his weekly public discussion of Theses at the Auditoire; his real, though informal, connection with the government in its most troubled times; and remember further that he was a chronic invalid, with asthma and spitting of blood, gout, quatrain fever, and dyspepsia, the latter so severe that he could eat but one meal a day, and sometimes nothing for two days; that he dictated many of his publications from his bed; that he worked on thus down to almost the last day of his life—and you have the true, the manifest man; such a one as has seldom appeared in our world; one who, as Beza, his associate, affirms, has never been excelled in labor.

The general significance of his work shows him, then, as a man of gigantic energy, and of heroic devotion to his cause. Of the particular significance of his intellectual work a librarian of the French Institute, who has edited Beza's life of him, says:

"The traits, so accentuated, of Calvin's character are reflected in his style. It fails in elegance and suppleness; but it is firm, correct, energetic, and facile. He disdained grace and color; and, nevertheless, without pre-occupying himself with style, he is exact, stringent, incisive. He writes as he acted, not to please, but to persuade; his pen is always a weapon. His influence on the formation of the French language is incontestable, though his books, except the 'Institutes,' have long since become unreadable. All of them, in fact, fail of that ideal elevation which alone renders durable the works of the mind. Calvin, so inferior to Luther in variety of intelligence, power of style, susceptibility of sentiment, and breadth of view, was, without doubt, a theologian of first order. His intellect, incapable of embracing data as an abstract whole, of tracing great lines, and of determining general laws, excelled in dialectics, in that discussion of details which requires agility rather than breadth of mind, and patience rather than imagination."

This, I think, is nearly a just estimate of his intellect. He was a great dialectician, but not a great logician. He saw things in straight lines, but seldom in their lateral relations; his perspective was far-reaching, but narrow, like his physiognomy. He had no imagination, but the imagination, as Dugald Stewart taught, is necessary to true logic—necessary to suggest those relations of thought and illustrative analogies which raise dialectics up to genuine logic. Seizing certain Augustinian opinions he pursued them out in direct lines to their utmost reach, without caring for their collateral bearings or their general consequences. A great dialectician but not a great logician, neither was he a great philosopher, though pronounced a great theologian. The librarian of the Institute, who allows him the latter title, subsequently hints that he was great as a theologian because he was not great as a logician or philosopher—a disparagement of theology which is inadmissible. The distinctively Calvinistic theology of the Reformation has failed or is failing throughout Christendom; it no longer appears even here in its old center; it cannot stand the broader logic of either the common or educated mind of our day. But the more philosophic logic and theology of Arminius are daily extending in the churches. A great theologian must be a great philosopher. "Theology," said Bacon, "is the queen of the sciences."

A second department of Calvin's work, and equally revealing his character, was the moral and social renovation of Geneva. It had been as dissolute as other Catholic towns, and at first revolted from his severe regimen; both he and Farel were banished, but had to be recalled to save it from utter demoralization. He then assumed autocratic power and regulated the morals and manners of the people to an extent never perhaps equaled among the Spartans or the Puritans. The bells rung them up at five o'clock in the morning. If absent from sermon they must give satisfactory reason or be punished. The sick citizen was punished if in bed three days without sending for a pastor. The woman who gave a "ball" in her house was cited before the Consistoire, reprimanded, and placed in "detention." Cards, dice, music, gay songs, dancing, were all prohibited. The vestments of each class of citizens were prescribed. Gold and silver ornaments, curling and plaiting of the hair, and all embroidery were forbidden; and dress-makers could introduce no change of fashion without the approval of the council. No sports were allowed except those of arms, which might prepare the citizens for war. No fires were made in winter except in the kitchens, and masters ate with their servants. The number of dishes at meals were regulated. "All luxury," says a Genevan author, "all superfluity in lodgings, furniture, food, disappeared."

Popular opinions, especially in theology, were strictly guarded, and any heresy was punished by public reproof from the authorities, by imprisonment, exile, sometimes by death. Calvin was twelve years inaugurating this *régime* against much hostility, but he succeeded; he had an iron will, and all at last gave way before him. Lycurgus himself left no equal stamp of his personality on Sparta. It is, perhaps, an unparalleled fact that no considerable reaction occurred for more than a hundred years; and to this day, when his memory is but little revered here, and reaction has been rapidly taking place, Calvin's impress on the character of the people is, in some respects, still visible. With his moral discipline, he also combined such municipal and political training as has made Geneva a source from which democratic influence has gone forth over western Europe.

I have already said much about a third department of his work—the most permanent if not the most important—his devotion to education. His "College" was the first experiment of the kind here; a benevolent citizen had begun one before him, but it early expired. Historians of education can, of course, find traces of it in its popular form elsewhere, and long before Calvin's time, but the idea of the education of the masses, of the *whole people* as a necessary function of the state, is due to the Reformation, and was here made practical by Calvin, and in Scotland, by his pupil, John Knox, and went thence with the Calvinistic Puritans to New England. The "common school" has thus become a fundamental institution of civilized nations, and, as I have shown, this popular education inevitably tends to popular government, and is a pledge of the political emancipation of our race.

Calvin was, then, incontestably a truly great man—great as a writer; great as an educator; great as a churchman; great as a statesman. He erred greatly also; his theology was too metaphysical, too dialectic; his social *régime* was too rigid; he was honest, however, in all his errors—even in the deplorable one respecting Servetus. That was an error of the age rather than of the man. The men of that age had all been trained in the Roman Church, and Romanism had taught the extirpation of heretics. The chief reformers, including the gentle-minded Melanchthon, approved Calvin's course.

Calvin's life as a reformer was a continual fight. Who can question its moral heroism? And yet (remarkable fact) he was not a man of courage in the usual sense of the word. He had no "animal courage"—the courage that meets danger by ignoring it; but he had invincible "moral courage"—the courage that both appreciates and faces danger. Paradoxical as it may seem, his great moral courage was largely attributable to his lack of animal courage. He was morbidly conscientious, and had not courage to do wrong or to be heed-

less of what he supposed to be his duty. In his preface to his Commentary on the Psalms, he avows that he was "feeble and fearful;" and Beza records that, in his last conversations with his fellow-pastors, he spoke of his "natural timidity and repeated, two or three times, 'I assure you that, by nature, I am timid and fearful.'" This moral courage is a greater element of heroism than animal courage, but it may have proportionately great defects. Springing from the conscience, it may have the faults of that fallible faculty. The terrible crimes of the Inquisition, of Torquemada, of Philip II., and Alva his agent, were probably as conscientious as their prayers. We cannot doubt that Calvin was conscientious in his treatment of Servetus. The history of religious persecutions shows that to nothing in man is enlightenment more necessary than to what is called his moral sense. No tragedies in history have been worse than those which have sprung from this his noblest faculty. The worst vices—if not the worst in themselves, yet the worst in their effects—are the vices of the virtues. Economical prudence may become avarice—the most petrifying of vices. Liberality may become prodigality, and prodigality is but a step from profligacy. Religious strictness may become bigotry and superstition—two of the most disastrous evils in the history of our race. Calvin's love of "orthodoxy" marred his charity; his temperance became asceticism, and probably shortened his life; his extreme moral rigor has impaired his moral power in the world. But the sun has its spots; and with all his errors Calvin was one of the greatest of men. The history of Geneva is his record. "He became," says Gaullieur, its historian, "the veritable chief of the republic."

Mignet sums up that history by saying: "She had been in subjection, and became independent; she had been ignorant, and became one of the lights of Europe; she had been a little city, and became the capital of a grand opinion."

OF SUCH THE KINGDOM!

Of such the kingdom! Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!
The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unfolds.
Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Up Pearl River.

Two days after his trip ashore in Hong-Kong, just as Rex was relieved from his morning drill an orderly came and told him that the captain wanted to see him in the cabin. Following the orderly with some perturbation, he found himself shortly in a handsome apartment, and in the presence of his commanding officer and a stranger—the latter a middle-aged gentleman in clerical dress. Both looked up at him as he came in and stood, just inside the door, uncovered, with face slightly flushed, and his hands down at the side in strict military position.

"Ransom," said the captain, pleasantly, "this is the Rev. Mr. James, a missionary from Canton."

The gentleman rose and shook Rex cordially by the hand. The captain also rose and said,

"Mr. James, I beg you to excuse me for a few moments."

Rex was left alone with the missionary, who looked at him earnestly, and asked him to sit down.

"I beg your pardon," said the youth, "but I would rather stand, if you please. It is hardly the proper thing," he added, "for a sailor to sit in the officers' quarters."

"Ah, very well," said the minister, smiling. "I suppose it is no offense against etiquette for me to stand, or for us to walk up and down;" and he took the lad by the arm.

"Of course, you do not know who I am, beyond what you have heard. But I have the advantage of you. I know who you are. I knew your father very well; we were classmates in the seminary together. I knew your mother, too. I knew you when you were a baby. I know your uncle and cousin. In fact I had a letter from Miss Ellen by the last mail, in which she wrote some things about you."

Rex looked up surprised and pleased.

"A matter of business called me to Hong-Kong yesterday, and I was glad to see the *Scranton* in the harbor. Now how would you like to go back to Canton with me, and spend a few days, and see the Chinese in their homes? The captain is willing to let you go—he said some very commendatory things about you, by the way—Mrs. James can make you comfortable, and we can see a good deal that will interest you."

Rex's eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure. "I should like to go exceedingly," he replied.

"Very well. The Canton boat leaves at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. I will meet you there. I suppose you can get ashore in time?"

"O yes," said Rex, "there are plenty of sampans around the ship by six bells."

They had some further conversation, and Rex was just leaving the cabin when the captain returned.

"Is it all arranged?" he asked of Mr. James.

The missionary replied that it was.

"Well, Ransom, I hope you'll have a good time," he said, kindly. "The executive officer will have your pass made out. If you need money, ask the officer of your division to make out a special requisition, and get it in before I leave the ship."

Rex tried to express his thanks, but he was so excited that he quite broke down.

Early the next morning, dressed in his neat blue muster suit, and with a small bundle in his hand, Rex stepped into a sampan and was pulled ashore. A brisk walk of about twenty minutes brought him to the pier, but he found the way almost blocked with Chinese and freight.

Leaning over the rail on the upper deck stood Mr. James, who smiled pleasantly and pointed out the gangway for him to take. He readily made his way through the crowd, and in a few moments stood by his side. After a warm greeting, they watched the noisy, jostling company on the pier.

"Are they all going with us?" Rex asked.

"Most of them, I suppose," said Mr. James. "This boat frequently carries fifteen hundred Chinese passengers on the lower deck, and four or five hundred second-class Chinese on this deck at the farther end. Only a few go in the cabin."

The engines began to turn over, churning the water into foam. The din and hurry on the pier below increased.

"I did not expect to find so large and fine a steam-boat as this," said Rex. "It is almost as nice as our Fall River boats at home."

"Yes, the *Honam* is a fine boat. Yonder is the captain," said Mr. James," pointing to a short, thick-set man in a straw hat and dark civilian suit. He has been on this line a good many years."

They went into the saloon. On the forward bulk-head Rex noticed a rack containing rifles and revolvers, and asked what they were for.

The missionary told him that a steamer of this line had once been captured by some river pirates, who passed themselves off as ordinary Chinese, and who succeeded in overpowering the crew, murdering the officers and many of the passengers, and capturing the boat, which they robbed and then beached. Since that time every precaution had been taken. As soon as the boat starts men are stationed at the hatchways, armed with revolvers and cutlasses, and on some boats steam hose is led out, to be used in cases of necessity.

They walked aft to see the engine. While they were watching it the bell was rung. Immediately came a sound of rushing steam, and the pistons began to move. They hastened out to the guards to see the boat leave its berth. Very quickly it cleaved the water, and made its way out into the China Sea.

For a long distance after leaving Hong-Kong there was nothing of special interest to be seen. Breakfast was served in the cabin, but as Mr. James and Rex had both eaten, they preferred to stay outside and walk. The missionary easily drew his young companion out, and Rex told him all about the *Scranton*, and how he came to enlist, and the lights and shadows of his new life. Then, in turn, he told Rex a good many incidents of his father's early life, and what a noble character he was, and what a loss his death had been to the Church.

"You have a good many little ways that remind me of him," he said to Rex. "You've got his eyes. I'm glad I captured you. Mrs. James will be very pleased to see you."

He then told Rex about his family, which consisted of his wife and three children—two girls and a boy. He also told him some things about his work—its difficulties and discouragements, and also its hopes. They became so interested in their talk that they almost forgot where they were, until the steam-boat slowed down off a fort at the mouth of Pearl River. A neat white gun-boat lay at anchor there, which looked so like an English man-of-war that Rex could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw the triangular dragon-flag of China at her peak.

"I thought the Chinese had nothing but junks," he said.

"O no," said Mr. James. "The Chinese have a modern navy which is even superior to our own; and they are adding to it constantly. Ships are being built for them now in Germany which will be equal to any thing afloat in naval architecture and efficiency. I saw, last year, a couple of gun-boats, built for them by Armstrong in England, and armed, fore and aft, with two breech-loading rifled guns of large caliber, which were truly formidable. They have fine arsenals, too, and turn out as good work as the Remingtons do. It's a pity that the Chinese are so cowardly on the water. They show a fair amount of courage as soldiers if they are well led, but they have no confidence as fighting sailors. I am afraid the French will wipe out their fleet."

Meantime a boat had run along-side from the gun-boat. A young man in a sea-faring garb came on board and went to the wheel-house. The steam-boat started again.

"That's the torpedo pilot," said Mr. James.

Rex opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Yes, the channel along here for some distance is lined with torpedoes, and this man undertakes to conduct us through them. All the way up to Canton we shall find masked batteries along the shores, and powerful guns mounted at every strategic point. The French fleet would not have such an easy time of it as the English did in 1841, if they should try to force their way up Pearl River.

They watched the pilot maneuver the boat, which he seemed to do with considerable skill, making abrupt turns, running slow, stopping, running fast, etc. It was quite exciting to realize how dangerous was their proximity to engines of destruction which, if grazed, would blow their boat in pieces.

They took tiffin at one o'clock, and, by the time they were through, the boat was off Whampoa, the limit to which foreign vessels were allowed to come before the opening of the treaty ports. The place seemed almost deserted. Only a few buildings were left, and the once famous docks were in a sadly dilapidated condition. Rex inquired what made the ground on the hill-side look so pockmarked.

"Graves," said Mr. James. "China is a vast cemetery. Bryant would have found, if he had come here, the most impressive illustrations for his 'Thanatopsis.'"

The boat made a sharp turn to the right, and a lofty pagoda came in view on the left bank. They passed several war junks—a strange, indescribable sort of craft, very high at both ends, armed with rusty old guns, and ornamented with a huge eye on either bow.

"That's the style of the *old* navy of China," Mr. James remarked.

Ten miles farther up and the city of Canton became visible—not an imposing sight by any means; a low, monotonous level, almost hidden by the masts of junks, with the stately, double-spired French cathedral rising unduly high and prominent in the midst, dwarfing every thing around it. Nothing else showed above the houses but a pagoda or two, the poles that distinguished the residences of the mandarins, and the square-towered "pawn-shops." Rex somewhat frankly expressed his disappointment.

Mr. James admitted that the city at first view was not impressive, but said that, dull as it looked, it was one of the densest and busiest hives of human industry in the world, and that Rex would be sorry to leave it.

The steam-boat picked her way through a dense mass of sampans and junks to a wretched-looking wharf, and Mr. James and Rex were among the first to land.

"It's a quarter of an hour's walk to my house," said the missionary. "Shall we walk, or take chairs?"

"I should enjoy the walk," said Rex.

Mr. James raised his umbrella—a cotton one with a white cover—and took Rex's arm in his. They plunged at once into what seemed to the lad a bazar of the strangest and most complicated kind. He had no time to speculate, much less to ask, what a thing was, because a hundred other queerer things attracted his attention. He gave up asking, and simply enjoyed the continually shifting kaleidoscope, till suddenly they came out on a street which bordered upon what seemed to be a canal.

"That's Shameen," said Mr. James, pointing to a long island across it, "the foreign reservation. We'll go over there by and by. And here," he added, "is where I live," and he opened a gate in a high wall.

They went in, crossed a little yard, and went up a flight of steps. Mr. James opened the door with a latch-key, and they went in.

"Hester!" he cried.

"I'm coming."

It was a musical voice, and a petite womanly form followed it. Rex hardly had time to distinguish it, so quickly did it flit down the stairs and into the husband's arms. Then he suddenly became aware of a keen, earnest, loving face looking into his.

"And are you Rex Ransom?" she said, taking him by both arms. You were such a *little* baby," she added, softly, and as though she were talking to herself; "such a *little* baby fifteen years ago, and now you are so tall and stout, and—handsome, and—yes, I am sure of it, *good*. Come into the parlor where I can see you;" and she led Rex into a comfortable room, tastefully, but not expensively, furnished.

"Sit down," she said. "I want to look at you. Edward," she said to her husband, "will you be so good as to tell the coolie to get tea? You have had the dear boy all day, you know."

As her husband left the room she resumed her talk.

"And you are alone in the world, Rex," and her voice quivered; "I have been thinking about you to-day; and you are a sailor-boy, with all sorts of temptations and hardships; but they haven't hurt you, they haven't soiled you, I know that by your eyes. O, I am so glad that you came up here!"

Her tender, sympathetic tones touched Rex to the heart.

"There! I mustn't talk to you any more now. Our afternoon tea will be ready in a few moments. Wouldn't you like to go to your room? Come, I will show it to you."

She took him up stairs to a tidy chamber, and left him with such a wistful look that the lad felt his eyes moisten.

"What a dear, kind, sweet woman she is!" he thought.

He looked round the room.

"How nice every thing is!" he said to himself.

The floor was covered with a pretty matting; the windows were draped with curtains tastily arranged; there was a capacious bed with a white coverlet, and dainty shams over the pillows. A lounge, an ottoman, an inlaid work-table, an easy chair, pretty specimens of Chinese lacquer-ware and pottery and bric-a-brac on mantel and brackets met his eye. It was so nice to wash in a bowl once more, and brush his hair before a large glass.

They had a cheerful tea together—Mr. and Mrs. James and Rex. The children were over on Shameen.

"And now," said his host, "we have a couple of hours more of daylight. You and I will go through Sai Hing Street where some of the curios are, and then look into sampan life a little, and return to Shameen, where we must get a passport from our consul for you to enter the old city to-morrow. Hester will be through with her domestic duties by that time, and join us there."

A half-hour later they were in an ivory store where Rex was shown a pair of tusks, intricately and wonderfully carved, each one representing nearly a year of artistic work. He saw specimens of silver-ware, *repoussé* and filigree, that surprised and fascinated him; and embroidered work in silk and satin and *crepe*, such as his eyes never rested on before. He made a few simple purchases. Then they went back to the water-front and stepped into a sampan. Two young girls, neither of them above sixteen apparently, were the only crew on board. One of them took the oar at the stern, the other sitting flat on the deck, pulled the forward oars. Mr. James gave a brief direction in Chinese, and the boat was propelled quickly into the stream.

Rex watched with interest the movements of the oars-woman who sat directly in front of him. She had a pretty face and a pair of eyes that shone like diamonds. Her jet-black hair was drawn tightly back into a queenly-shaped chignon. In her ears she wore rings of jade stone. Her dress was of dark brown cotton—the upper garment, short, loose, flowing-sleeved; the lower merely a pair of drawers. Her feet were bare. None of this class bind their feet or cover them. She handled her oars with great expertness.

They went down the river for a considerable distance. Mr. James pointed out the different kinds of boats, and told Rex a good many things about their population. Nearly one fifth of the million and more people of Canton live in boats. Besides the usual family or passenger boats, there were market boats, florist boats, duck boats, marriage boats, restaurant boats, and wash boats.

They touched at Honam, the large island suburb of Canton across the river, and looked in at the famous Buddhist temple. Rex was disgusted at the images that guarded the second gate-way, and evidently "took so little stock" in Buddhism that Mr. James did not tarry long. He was much more interested in the Chy Loong Ginger Factory where preserved ginger is prepared, and in a tea-firing establishment where the various processes of sorting, winnowing, firing, coloring, and packing for the foreign market were going on.

The sun was so low that they could not stay long. Returning to their sampan they were pulled quickly over to Shameen. A few "cash" satisfied the oarswoman. Rex found himself on an island deliciously shaded and green, about half a mile long, and bordered all around with a granite sea-wall. Two bridges connected it with the city. Handsome, substantial dwellings, with abundant garden space bright with tropical flowers, broad avenues lined with banians, concrete walks, an English church, and a club house, with an excellent library, produce a singularly pleasing impression upon the visitor.

Rex was delighted with it; and when Mr. James told him that many of these residences were business houses, occupied by such firms as Russell & Co., Jardine, Matheson, & Co., and others of world-wide fame, he was astonished. It seemed incredible that such gigantic operations in tea, silk, and other productions could be carried on in this quiet, retired spot, with not the slightest external sign of commercial transactions.

Mrs. James and the children were on the watch and hastened to join them as they landed. Mr. James led the way to the United States consulate to procure a passport for his guest. Rex and Mrs. James walked together. The children followed shyly behind till they reached a side street when their amah appeared and took them home.

They found the consul—a genial, warm-hearted gentleman—just sitting down to a lonely dinner.

"You've come just in time," he said, as he shook hands, and told the coolie to put on three more plates. "I'm delighted to see you!"

In vain they protested. He took them at once to the dining-room, and seated them at the table, talking all the time in the most good-humored manner. He gave a good deal of attention to Rex, and seemed struck with his good sense and manly bearing.

"And now," he said, as they rose from the table, "there is a minstrel show being given at the mat-shed to-night by the sailors of the English gun-boat. 'Twill do you good to have a hearty laugh. Come along! We're just in time."

They yielded again to his imperative good-nature. A short walk brought them to a small, well-lighted hall, made wholly of matting except the frame. The back of it had been fitted with stage and side scenes and curtain. About seventy-five people were present, and the minstrels were singing as they entered. The blackened faces and plaintive songs, the clownish jokes exchanged between the "bones" and the banjo-player, the clog-dancing, the Indian club exercise, and a final farce by all the members—"Uncle Pete's visit"—gave to our unsophisticated hero an entertainment of genuine interest. Rex had never seen any thing of the kind before, and he could have spent the whole night there.

As they walked along the island to the bridge on their way home, the peacefulness of the night and the stillness that seemed to brood all things impressed Rex, and he gave expression to it.

"This seems," he said, "like a sort of fairy island far off at sea, unvisited by the tumult and strife of life."

"It's a pity that it were not so," said Mr. James. "Peaceful as it seems now, not two years have passed since this island was in the hands of a mob of furious Chinese, who looted house after house and then set them on fire. Nine houses, including Concordia Hall and five bungalows, were burned in that riot. We who live in this land realize our peril."

"Let us not talk about these things to-night," said Mrs. James, and she turned the conversation.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

DIED in the city of Philadelphia, February 18, John B. Gough, the foremost temperance speaker of the world.

The career of this man was remarkable, and shows the power of divine grace to rescue and bless. He was born in England, and came to this country when but a lad of twelve years of age. He spent two years on a farm in Oneida County, New York, and then drifted to the great city, where he found work as an apprentice in the Methodist Book Concern. He joined the Allen Street Church, and had thoughts of entering the ministry. Unhappily work grew dull, he left

his situation and fell among evil companions, and soon learned to drink strong drink. For the next eight years his course was steadily downward, and the death of his mother and then of his young wife removed all restraint, and at the age of twenty-four, as he walked the streets of Worcester, he was regarded as a poor drunken sot.

But the hour of deliverance came. A humble shoe-maker —Joel Stratton by name—met him and said:

"Gough, I want you to go with me to the temperance meeting to-night," and he kept a friendly hold of him until Gough consented.

That very night he signed the pledge, and soon after gave his heart to God and united with the Church. He had a hard battle to fight with the demon of a depraved appetite—how hard none but those who suffer as he did can tell—but he finally triumphed.

Then he began in a humble way to tell in the temperance meetings of his struggles and triumphs, and to urge the poor drunkard to reform. He spoke from his heart, and with the sad memory of what his life had been, and he spoke with power. In a few months his fame spread far and wide, and lasted until the day of his death—a period of forty-four years.

The first time I heard him was in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1854. Concert Hall was crowded to excess, and the platform was filled with the clergy and other representative men. Gough was in his glorious prime, his hair was jet-black, and his form thin and shadowy. He was rather ordinary-looking, and the first few sentences were uttered in a nervous way which gave no indication of his power as a speaker. Then he began to tell an anecdote, and at once he woke up, and for two hours kept on speaking in a strain of mingled humor and pathos which kept his audience spell-bound, and when he ended with an impassioned appeal there was a great burst of applause.

The secret of his success is not very hard to find out. In some of the higher qualities of the orator he was lacking, for he did not use argument, and his appeals were not to the intellect, and hence his lectures which are published will not find many readers. But he was the prince of story-tellers, and in this respect we shall not soon look upon his like again. His voice was not so loud as clear and musical, and there was a sympathetic tone about it which made the hearts of his hearers vibrate. With the instinct of genius he aroused the feelings, and first we laughed and then we wept, and tears followed smiles with wonderful rapidity.

He was a perfectly natural speaker, and what would be gross exaggerations of manner in others were not so in him. His gestures were profuse and imitative, and his manner so excited that it was a wonder in his early days that his weak frame could endure the strain. He would pace up and down the platform at a rapid rate, fling his arms over his head, utter the most impassioned strain of eloquence, and bend his audience as the field of ripe grain sways and bends under the fury of a storm. More than once his very coat-tails vibrated with sympathy, and he would use them as Chatham did his crutch—to make more emphatic his utterances. No wonder the astonished Dutchman exclaimed,

"Vy, vot a man dot Goff is, for he speaks mit his goat-tails!"

He excelled in description, and I doubt if in this he has been equaled by any man since the days of Whitefield. I heard him once describe the delay of a steam-ship that was anxiously awaited. Day after day passed in painful suspense, and it was feared, as no tidings came, that she had gone down into the depths of the sea. At last the ship was sighted down the bay, and the news spread like wildfire, "She is safe!" and joy filled the hearts of the people. Gough described the whole thing, and to us his description was more than a picture—it was a reality—and we cheered as though we saw the gallant ship, and our aunts and uncles standing on the deck and waving us a graceful salute with their fluttering pocket-handkerchiefs.

Surely this is the triumph of genius—to make that which is past as though present, and to make the invisible real to the inward vision.

He could reach all classes by his eloquence. When he first spoke at Oxford, in England, the students gathered in force and tried to put him down by hootings and cat-calls and funny remarks. He paused and then said,

"You have a proverb, 'Fair play is a jewel.' Now I am a little man and only one against many. Instead of your all speaking at once put forward one of your number as your champion and I will answer him."

The suggestion was acted upon, and the result soon appeared. The champion walked off the stage, and Gough had a fair field and won his way and met with hearty applause at the close of his effective plea for the temperance cause.

On the occasion of one of his visits in England, he spoke nearly eighty times in Exeter Hall in central London, and was popular to the last. His old stock of anecdotes ran out, and he spent many days in roaming through the worst parts of that mighty city to gather materials, which he used with great effect in his evening lectures.

He lived to see the cause which was so dear to his heart make giant strides both in this country and in England. When first he spoke abroad, the cause was under the ban of fashion, and few, even among the clergy, were advocates of what is called "teetotalism." He cast the seed of truth on what seemed to be an ungenial soil, but now how changed! Conscience is aroused and sentiment is being crystallized into law.

The life of this temperance reformer is ended, but not his work, for it lives and will live after him. He was a man who knew the chains of strong drink, who had broken them, and who could tell the story of his life in a way to reach all hearts. He had been in the furnace, and though scorched was not consumed. Best of all, he was a true Christian, with a warm heart, an open hand, and an eloquent tongue. He filled the mission assigned him, and he died in the midst of loving friends, and while the cause he loved so dearly glows with the dawn of coming triumph.

TIMIDITY—A HINDOO FABLE.

A SILLY mouse, thinking each thing a cat,
Fell into a helpless worriment thereat;

But, noticed by a wizard living near,
Was turned into a cat to end its fear.

No sooner was the transformation done
Than dreadful terror of a dog begun.

Now, when the wizard saw this latest throe,
"Here, be a dog," said he, "and end your woe."

But, though a dog, its soul had no release,
For fear some tiger might disturb its peace.

Into a tiger next the beast was made;
And still 'twas pitiful and sore afraid.

Because the huntsman might, some ill-starred day,
Happen along and take its life away.

"Then, said the wizard, turning to his house,
"You have a mouse's heart—now be a mouse."

'Tis so with men—no earthly help or dower
Can add one atom to their earthly power;

Them from their smallness nothing can arouse—
No art can make a lion from a mouse.

—*Joel Benton.*

MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY.

VII.

SOME great fortunes have been made in the coal business of the Monongahela, and there are among the coal merchants of this region a number of millionaires. In nearly every instance they worked their way up from poverty and obscurity, and are, in the full sense of the word, self-made men. Their careers afford much that should be an incentive to boys who have to win their own way, and I have thought I could not more fittingly dismiss this part of my subject than by brief references to the careers of some of the more prominent of these.

The growth of this business is nearly all of one generation, and the men who were the pioneers in shipping coal down the rivers are largely the successful operators of to-day, or have died in recent years. The running of coal down the Ohio and Mississippi during the Rebellion was attended with great risk, but yielded big returns, and that is the period from which the business dates its great prosperity.

It is always subject to sudden and heavy losses from ice or flood, and many thousand dollars in value may, and not unfrequently do, go to the bottom of the river in a minute. But the owners, from their life-long training, meet such losses calmly, seldom getting excited and never disheartened, but treating the severest reverse as something likely to be encountered in their business at any time. Let us look very briefly at the careers of some of them.

William H. Brown was a blacksmith, but was among the first to enter the business of shipping coal. By untiring energy, added to a native shrewdness, he built up an immense business, and died a few years ago worth millions.

James Hays was a miner, and came up gradually until he had vast possessions, and controlled a large business. He was a hard-working man all his days.

The O'Neil brothers started in the mines, afterward were coal-boat pilots. By hard work and strict application they came into the possession of great wealth, and the control of a business which has made the firm of O'Neil & Co. a familiar name along the rivers, from the head-waters of the Monongahela to the mouth of the Mississippi.

John C. Risher had a humble beginning, but is now a prosperous coal merchant.

Joseph Walton, as a bare-footed boy, drove oxen for fifty cents a day, and now is one of the wealthiest men in the coal business of the region.

John A. Wood, Simpson Horner, and George W. Roberts were day-laborers along the river, but they saved their earnings, put them together, and bought a small steam-boat. This soon earned enough to enable them to enlarge their operations. Their mutual relations continued for some years, when the first named went into business for himself, the other two remaining in partnership. The result is two of the best known and most successful firms in the business.

I am glad to be able to say that nearly all of these men have been disposed to do good with their means in their day and generation. Mr. Wood, Mr. Walton, and Mr. Horner are all Methodists, and their open-handed generosity for good works is well known in the city of Pittsburg, where they all reside. Mr. Walton was largely instrumental in building the church in that city which bears his name. Mr. Risher built a Presbyterian church at the village of Dravosburg, and Mr. Roberts is a faithful Baptist.

A name in the last sentence reminds me of one, almost overlooked, who has won a competence in the Monongahela coal trade, who has been called to positions of prominence and trust in the nation, and through it all has retained his integrity and love of his kind—John F. Dravo, a gifted and honored local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. J. N. O'Neil was a Methodist, and a man of deep and earnest piety. Largely through his efforts was begun at Elizabeth a church building for this denomination, but in the midst of the work death suddenly laid him low. But those of his kindred left behind did what they thought he would have done, and the beautiful church stands completed to-day —one of the finest in the valley of the Monongahela.

We take leave of the Monongahela River coal industry with the single remark that a vast and growing business is done there in shipping coal by rail, which can have only this brief reference in these articles. But there are other marvels of the region, and the succeeding chapters will be given to their consideration.

1886—A PROPHECY.

SINCE we were disappointed by the failure of Mother Shipton's prophecy of the end of the world in 1881, faith in such predictions has declined. The "Christian Union," however, has just one more story of disaster for the present year:

Somebody, says a letter from Rome, has unearthed an old prophecy for the year 1886, of a decidedly uncomfortable nature. It appears that in the Church Oberem-mel, near the city of Treveri, in Germany, there is a stone tablet, some centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse —in prose it may be rendered: "When Mark shall bring us Easter, and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John shall swing the censer at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weepings and wailings." Now, it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's Day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24. Here, then, are the first conditions of the prophecy fulfilled, so that now believers in prophecies and anxious-minded persons generally have only to sit down and think of every thing disagreeable that can possibly happen to this poor old planet and the dwellers thereon between January and December, 1886. And really if the cyclones and earthquakes and epidemics and "wars and rumors of wars" of the years 1882–83–84–85 are to be eclipsed, the prospect is not an agreeable one.

ARE YOU ON THE LIST?

"GENTLEMAN" is a word which is used to describe very different persons. Many people are satisfied with the definition given in the schoolboy's composition:

A polite gentleman is one who does not use perfamed Languish an a nother is one that uses his lady good and treat her to cakes and candies too and take her out aridine and treat her to ice cream then he is what she calls a good Fallow, manners is what girls calls when a gentleman when he is interduced to a lady he takes his hat off to her and she takes a by step to the House and bows too.

But the keen eye of the novelist Thackeray looked through the polish of the surface at the man beneath. He said:

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer specimen than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know now a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are in what they call the inner circle and have shot into the very center and bull's eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.

INSOLENT?

A NEWSPAPER correspondent who has had his eyes and ears open in Europe tells this story. Do you agree with the lady?

This is how they do in Paris. An elegant lady goes out shopping. While she is engaged there is a heavy fall of rain. The streets are flooded, and, to add to her distress, her carriage stands on the far side of a large, open square, which has become a lake. She signals to the driver, but his horses, being young, will not face the water. She stands on the curb, stamping her little feet, and not knowing what to do. A gentleman passes and takes the situation in at a glance. Throwing his cigar aside, he steps up to the lady, seizes her by the waist delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her safely on the lower step of her carriage door. Recovering from her astonishment, she turns and mutters, "Insolent!" The gentleman loses no time, but steps back to the lady, seizes her by the waist delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her where she stood before. He then takes off his hat, bows politely, and walks away.

THE LION SERMON.

THE comparatively brief history of our country has prevented the growth of those curious customs which abound in older lands. In America tumbling tenement houses take the place of ruined castles, and

such sermons as that described in the "London News" are quite unknown:

Last evening, in accordance with a time-honored custom, the annual "Lion" sermon was preached at St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, by the Rev. Dr. Whittemore. The origin of this service dates back some two and a half centuries ago, when, according to tradition, Sir John Gayer, who was at that time Lord Mayor of London, left a sum of money for the purpose of commemorating his remarkable escape from death while journeying in Arabia or some other Eastern country.

While traveling on this particular occasion Sir John was unexpectedly confronted by a lion. Having no weapon near at hand, the knight fell on his knees in prayer, and, according to the legend, the king of beasts having taken a quiet survey of the worthy knight, suddenly turned and walked off in another direction, leaving him unharmed. Sir John Gayer, on rising from his devotion, vowed to commemorate his unlooked-for escape, and made a bequest for instituting a service to be held on the anniversary of his adventure, which is said to have taken place on the 16th of October.

The lion sermon from that time has therefore been annually preached on this date at St. Katherine Cree. Last night the rector founded his discourse on a passage from the 78th Psalm and part of the 4th verse, "Showing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength and his wonderful works that he hath done." There was a large congregation, and at the conclusion of the service an offertory was taken on behalf of the choir funds.

NA-PO-LE-ON?

IT is mortifying when a person who considers himself famous finds that the name of which he is so proud is unknown and unhonored. It seems that not all the French have felt the magic of the greatest name in the history of their country. A Parisian paper relates an amusing story concerning Prince Napoleon:

A poor girl, miserable and dejected looking, asked alms from the prince, who was then a representative of the people. He handed her a five-franc piece on which was the effigy of Napoleon I., and as she was feasting her eyes on the money, the prince asked:

"Do you think I resemble him?"

"Whom?" said she, opening her eyes in astonishment.

Prince Napoleon pointed to the white piece of money.

"But whom?"

"Napoleon!"

The girl looked at him and repeated as if she had been spoken to in an unknown language,

"Napoleon! Na-po-le-on!"

The prince was astounded.

"Then you did not know Napoleon?" he inquired.

"No."

"Nor ever even heard him spoken of?"

"Never!"

In the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, a being was found who didn't know who Napoleon was. And Prince Jerome added, as he related the incident:

"Gentlemen, you see how it is. Be modest!"

SQUIRRELS AS PROSPECTORS.

THE "Chronicle" of Virginia, Nevada, describes one of those curious accidents by which veins of precious metals are sometimes discovered. If every squirrel hole led to a gold mine, how the boys would watch the chipmunks:

Bradley, the prospector, who discovered the new mining camp at Esmeralda, formerly known as Lake District but now changed to Hawthorne, gives the following account of how he found the rich gold-bearing vein on which the La Panta and other claims are located through the merest chance. The La Panta lode is what is known as a "blind ledge," there being no surface croppings to indicate the existence of a mineral-bearing vein at the point where it is located.

In passing along the side of the hill Bradley's attention was attracted by a mass of decomposed quartz mingled with dirt that had been scratched out by ground-squirrels in digging holes in the side of the hill, which was fairly honey-combed with them. He collected some of the quartz, crushed it a mortar and horned it out, getting a fine prospect in gold. This led him to search for the vein whence the decomposed quartz had been excavated, which he found by following the squirrel-holes, which extended close up to the rim of the vein or gold-bearing ledge, one claim of which has been disposed of for $35,000. Had it not been for the excavations of the whiskered little rodents, the gold-bearing vein that is now attracting so many prospectors and mining men to Esmeralda might have remained hidden for countless centuries.

BURIED THE WRONG PERSON.

THE London papers relate a curious case of mistaken identity. It seems that poor Mr. M'Donnell was really alive after all the trouble which his sister took to provide him with a decent burial:

About three weeks ago the body of a respectably dressed man was found in the Liffey at Usher's Island, Dublin. An inquest was held, and a verdict of found drowned returned. On the following day a lady, Mrs. Leddy, of Cootehill, County Cavan, identified the remains as those of her brother, Mr. John M'Donnell, a magistrate of Crossmaglen, County Armagh, who had been staying with her, and had mysteriously disappeared about a fortnight previously. Mr. Jordan, of Rathgar Road, and Mrs. Anne Banton, of Dorset Street, a nurse, also positively identified the body, and the coroner, after holding a post-mortem inquiry, directed that the remains should be given over to the relatives, who positively identified the man's clothes, though there was some doubt as to the boots and stockings. The body was interred in Glasnevin Cemetery as the remains of Mr. M'Donnell, and a large number of friends were present at the obsequies. The relatives of the supposed deceased have within the last day or two written to the police authorities in Dublin who had charge of the case stating that the gentleman who was supposed to be duly in Glasnevin has "turned up" alive and well, notwithstanding his premature burial. His sister, Mrs. Leddy, has also made an application for a refund of the expenses incurred by the funeral of the stranger, but was informed that there was no fund available for such an object. Up to the present no clew has been found to the identification of the unknown gentleman who was so deeply mourned and respectably interred, and it is believed that the body was a waif from the sea floated in by the tide.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BLUE SHIELD'S MESSAGE.

HELEN LUDLOW has been traveling among the Indian reservations of Dakota for the purpose of studying the condition of the Indians. From her interesting letters to the "Boston Journal" we take the following extract, with which she closes an account of the Devil's Lake Reservation. Blue Shield's message is a welcome one:

On one of the prettiest claims on the reservation I found a young man taking advantage of a rainy day to work inside of the house he is plastering.

"Blue Shield is one of our 'rustlers,'" said the agent.

He hauled his house nine miles to secure a large farm, and is building one near him for his mother. He has a granary, and has bought new furniture and an ingrain carpet for his house—unwonted luxuries. Throwing down his trowel, he came to speak to me, and asked me to send a message from him to the people in the East.

"Tell them," he said, with appropriate gestures, "Blue Shield says that the Indians are going up step by step—not only in farming, but in all kinds of work; in education, in Christianity—every thing. And tell them also, if you will, one little word in praise of me, Blue Shield, that I am like a beaver; I build my house of logs, and plaster it, and store it with food."

Not all are even yet on the progressive side, of course. Only last Fourth of July one of the finest young men on the reservation was shot, presumably by one of the few anti-progressionists left, for his bold stand against him in council. Nor do they get all the sympathy they might from their white neighbors. I heard a gentleman in the opposite "city" say that he would "like to see them all shot," and declare that "three years ago, when there were only 300 rifles in this town, they were planning to make a raid on us and exterminate all the white people here—1,200 braves of them." As there never were over 1,080 Indians on the reservation at any time, counting men, women, and babies, and the little city is only two years old now, I fear this was an old settler's attempt to practice upon the credulity of a "tender foot." An intelligent little lady of whom I inquired as to the general state of feeling among the white people toward their red neighbors, replied:

"Well, it takes a real Christian, I think, to be interested in Indians, and there are not a great many such in this place."

I am glad there are a great many in Boston.

MADE A COUNT.

"COUNTS of no account" have become so common in America that the story which the Chicago "Tribune" has gleaned from a Swedish contemporary may give us a clew to the origin of these individuals whose nobility does not extend beyond the title which they bear:

A new anecdote illustrating the care with which noblemen are made, and the poor material with which kings often use in making them, is related in a Swedish contemporary. When King Gustavus III. was in Paris he was visited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune that had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fellow-countryman. The king, who took small interest in the progress of science, felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic order, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count."

"His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister, as he read the order; "but who in the world is Scheele?"

A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information.

"Scheele is a good sort of a fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot, and a first-rate hand at billiards."

The next day the lieutenant became a count and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher. The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His majesty was furious.

"You must all be fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Scheele is."

He himself had only known him for three or four weeks.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

A SIMPLE soul was Laura, our little neighbor who sits for her picture at this time, and who, if she knew we were describing her, would be greatly annoyed and almost angry—at least as angry as amiable Laura ever gets. But she does not know it, and we intend to tell all we know about her before she finds out that we have our pen in hand. Laura is a girl from whom you expect little, of whom people say little, and who says nothing about herself, and expects little or nothing from herself. A quaint old Rhode Island woman once said, "Brass and brains mixed are a deal better than clear brains." Laura has not much brain and she has no brass. She is a fit subject for study.

THE best benefit of a college education is in self-discovery. He who spends ten years of his boyhood in getting ready for college, and four years in going through college, and at last comes out with a false idea or without the faintest idea as to what he is fit for, might better never have gone to college. The question of adaptation and position is vital. The man who does not find his place is a failure. Thousands of men are in the "professions" who ought to be mechanics, clerks, or merchants. They fail where they are, lose chance of success where they might find it, and keep the right men out of the places they occupy but do not "fill." A true education shows a man what he is, what he may be, and what his limits are. Now, a man of moderate ability, who understands his own measure and does not aspire beyond that measure, will be a greater man in the world and do vastly more good than one who struggles for position forgetting the questions of fitness and capacity. What has this to do with the modest, lowly Laura? Let us see.

LAURA knows herself—her power, her weakness, her possibilities. She is one of those well-balanced souls not to be met in every morning's walk, who seem naturally endowed with power of just judgment, with willingness to accept a humble estimate, and, what is still more rare, with strong and steady purpose to make the most of themselves. As a good representative of this class Laura is a clear case of "one talent" with the good sense of five or ten. No "napkin" for the hiding of what little she has, through spite at Providence or mortification because of her friends. They all know her. She knows that they know her. And she does her best to make all she can of herself for her sake and theirs. With such gifts it is a serious question whether it is just to credit her with only one talent. Her common sense alone is a talent or more. But here she is as we have reported her, and to make good our estimate of her character we must sustain our theory concerning her by a few facts. She is what she says of herself—"a girl who can never be called smart." She is "not good at figures." She was slow in "mental arithmetic," and even now she sometimes stumbles at her multiplication table, especially in the 9x8 and the 12x9. She could never see how any body could make any sense out of algebra. She tried it and made up her mind to put her energies on something else. For geography she cared little at school, and nobody ever made it endurable to her until a teacher from Boston connected geography with history in such a way as to make her interested in countries because somebody lived there whose life she had studied, or because of some fine descriptive passage in Irving or Scott which her Boston teacher had associated with the place on the map and in the book. She did remember the boundary of it because the man who lived there was a great hero in her eyes and the descriptive passage referred to was so graphic and beautiful. Laura was a poor speller, and not much of a reader; and she did not wonder when, at fourteen years of age, she one day overheard her teacher say to a girl in the senior class, "That girl Laura is about the most stupid girl in the school. I wonder what she will ever do." Laura did not try to overhear that. And when it came it stung. Indeed it *did* sting. And it continued to sting.

PERHAPS you think Laura made up for other deficiencies in her music. Sometimes girls poor at "sums" are good at "songs." But Laura couldn't sing any better than she could cipher, and she had so little taste for instrumental music that after trying to handle the piano she gave it up entirely. She soon found that there were some things other girls could do that were impossible to her. She could never shine in society as a conversationalist. She could never be a fine player on stringed instrument or organ. She could never sing or be a professor of mathematics, or teach in a grammar school, or be a public elocutionist, or lecture on temperance. She was no artist in crayon or paint. She had no taste for shop-keeping. She didn't want to work in a factory. Indeed there was no immediate need that she should earn her living. Her father loved to take care of her, and brother Sam always said that "Laura shall be an old maid and live with me." Poor Laura—with no talents and no destiny! She felt it all. She felt it more than you could say it. But she did not succumb to it and lie down to die, nor sit down to "mope." She loved to hear her father and the minister read about the man with one talent. "That's me," she said to her mother one day; "but was he not a silly thing to bind up and bury his talent? I'm not going into the burying business, mamma." And her mother smiled and wondered if many mothers had as brave a girl to be proud of. Now you think that we are going to tell how Laura went into the kitchen and learned to bake and broil, and stew and stir, and how she made herself famous all through the town for the best bread, the nicest steaks, the most delicate cake, and all that sort of kitchen achievement. We intend to do no such thing. She did a great deal of kitchen work, and she did it well, and was a little proud of it. Sometime we may tell our readers about Laura's kitchen career, if they really wish to know, but her "one talent" was employed outside of the kitchen. It turned out to be a talent in one of the finest of the fine arts.

YOU have all heard of the artist who made a window out of bits of glass picked up from the refuse of the factory—a window of the rarest beauty, which rivaled the work of the great artists who had at command all the glass they needed. Per-

haps you have never heard of the weaver who in lieu of wool and silk in color and texture to his taste turned ordinary thread and twine into a bit of tapestry coveted by a connoisseur and purchased finally by a king. People who look only at the surface of things praise the economy and the industry of the window-maker and the embroiderer. How wise and how patient they were, and how well they wrought out their dreams, considering the poverty of their resources! But the real talent and genius lay deeper down and farther back. It was in the dream itself. It was in the power that thought out such a window or such a screen. That was first, and best, and worth the most, and with that fragments of glass and thread fly to their places from a sort of necessity. Laura could do nothing with stained glass. She had no gift in embroidery. But she had a dream. In the innermost center of her simple soul, beyond the vacant hallways and chambers of figures and algebraic signs, of song and organ, of retentive memory and ready speech, there was a chamber of rare loveliness and wealth. It was where her one talent sat, not bound in a napkin, but robed in white and on a throne. And Laura's life outside was controlled from this secret throne-room. We are sorry, but we must wait a week for our farther study of Laura.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for March 14, 1886. ESTHER'S PETITION.—Esther 4. 10–17, and 5. 1–3. GOLDEN TEXT.—Esther 4. 16.

WE have here a woman who could not be induced to barter her conscience or her religious fidelity for the sake of a bonnet, a queen's gown, or a home in the palace. She ran a fearful risk for the sake of her people. She might have said, "Well, those Jews are a bad lot, anyhow. Their history is a shameful history of sin against God. They are weak and doomed. Let them go. I am a fortunate Jewess. I will break with my people and have a good long life with royalty. My position shows what providence means to do for me. I shall not forfeit all this good and enrage the king and lose my head for the sake of a race of captives."

Some people—some girls and women in our day—would have been almost sure to talk that way. I think and fear that they would, because of what I see them doing—on a smaller scale, to be sure, but in the same general line. They "go back" (as the coarse phrase of our day puts it) on father, mother, and church. They follow what promises most pleasure, most gain, and best society. At home in the country, where they are known, they go to Sunday-school, and perhaps to class-meeting. In the city where they visit, if their entertainers happen to be worldly people our country visitors drop into the way of their host and hostess, neglect class and Sunday-school, and hide their colors through fear of ridicule. Or they leave their own and go to some other church which happens in that particular place to be the center of a "better class" of society. They "break" with their own for the sake of position. Not so good Queen Esther.

It is refreshing in this world of moral weakness and cowardice to read the record of a woman whose principles were as dear to her as her life. She could not deny her people. She could, if need be, *die* for them. Mordecai's reminder of her peril as a Jewess was not necessary. Cowardice and corruption would have trusted to personal influence with the king. Her beauty and her love might have saved her. But of this she does not seem to have thought. She gave command for days of fasting among her people, and then taking her life in her hand went to the king. Good, brave Queen Esther!

It is the old lesson: Trust and be true. Do God's will and wait God's order. It is safe to be right. Esther would have been safe if the king's scepter had not been extended. "Safe?" Yes, safe as souls are safe who pass through fires of martyrdom into the embrace of the heavenly Father; safe as Stephen was safe who, while stones flew thick and fast, saw heaven opened.

But the scepter was stretched out and the queen's life guaranteed. And through her influence came doom to the devisers of mischief and deliverance to the people of Israel. The plan was a success, and she enjoyed the sunny side of the divine providence. Such victories come sometimes. We are never sure how an act of heroic trust will come out. If the good results in visible and temporal matters were always sure, much of the courageous element in the believer's faith would be lacking. Men who stand by the right because they expect a present and earthly reward could never be sure of the genuineness of their faith. Work done through true trust always gets its reward beyond the grave. Sometimes, but not always, it comes here. Peace and the consciousness of rectitude are rewards that never fail, but outward benefits often fail to follow acts of obedient faith. To Esther came an immediate reward, but her recompense and glory would really have been as great if she had been put to death for her presumption.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 5.—In a republic "where the population is increased so largely by foreign immigration as our own," it is doubtful policy to restrict the immigration of a race simply because of its color. The greatest objection to the Chinese is their yellow skin, not their penurious and filthy habits. As a class, they are preferable to two thirds of the foreign element on the Pacific slope, which raises the hue and cry against them. They are neither dynamiters nor communists. And when we cease to discriminate because of race and color, the better class will come, and come to stay; and with the assurance that their property will be protected, their capital will be invested.

Then we may boast of "the land of the free, and the home of the brave," and "proclaim throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," the self-evident fact "that all men are created equal."

Trappe, Md. WM. T. MULLIKIN.

No. 6.—If we restrict Chinese immigration because it competes with our American workmen, we must restrict all immigration that does the same thing.

If we restrict Chinese immigration because of the contaminating influence of their heathenish habits, we must restrict all immigration that brings unsavory customs among us.

These restrictions would be partial and unjust.

For the sake of civilization we should let them come! Universal democracy is the grand objective point to which civilization is trending. America is "the little leaven that shall leaven the whole lump." We have "leavened" a good deal in Europe. The work has just fairly begun in China. But already her seemingly petrified institutions are ready to accept change. Already the shackles of aristocracy are being loosened by the congenial rays of American democracy. They do not cling to their superstition with the avidity that has hitherto characterized them.

GEORGE ALFRED COOKE.

No. 7.—I claim that Chinese immigration should not be restricted, because if we want to Christianize the Chinese should we drive them from our land and from our Christian and so-called free institutions simply because they know not our God and can live for less and therefore work cheaper than other foreign laborers? Who can blame a man for living on as little and working as cheaply as possible, if he works well—as the Chinaman certainly does?

Is it right for one country to make a treaty of friendship and commerce with another country and then to compel the other to agree to the breaking of this treaty, and for the first to drive the other's people from the land? The United States has done this with China.

Would we not feel that it was a great injustice if China should treat us thus, and drive us from her borders, saying, "We want nothing to do with you, your religion and customs, because we don't believe in your God or customs, and you make money by dealing with us?"

Red Wing. RUFUS STEBBINS.

No. 8.—We admit that the Chinese are not very desirable inhabitants. But there are certain points in their favor: they are honest, law-abiding, tend strictly to their own affairs, and ask for nothing except employment.

Now, what of the class who are at the bottom of the anti-Chinese movement? We find the leaders among the late emigrants from Europe. For with the European immigration come the illiterate and turbulent whose chief notion of government is anarchy, and among them are found the socialist, the dynamiter, the infidel, and the scum of Europe, who glory in riot. And these are they who would deprive the Chinese of the limited liberty they are entitled to under our present laws.

The Chinaman lives up to all the light he has, and carries home with him elements of a higher civilization, while this lawless mob from Europe seek to perpetuate all that a true American detests, and to tear down all that we hold dear. Give the Chinese a chance and they will develop wondrously.

W. H. S.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments should be forwarded to OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J., the affirmative before March 13 and 20; the negative before March 27 and April 3, 1886.

Each argument should be written upon one side only of the paper, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

What can the members of the Oxford League do in the line of work?

ANSWER 3. In personal resolve and effort to encourage dignity and reverence at all public and social religious services. We all easily drift. We yield to the influence of others. We whisper and chat and smile when our companions and neighbors do these things. "One sinner destroyeth much good." So one irreverent and flippant person may prevent solemn silence and thoughtfulness.

We go into prayer-meetings where every body watches every body else. Eyes wander, tongues wag, heads turn, and dresses rustle. There is no reverence. There is no solemnity. There is little or no real prayer. It is sometimes appalling to observe the thoughtless tone of a prayer-meeting.

In Sunday-school it is worse. Very often there is an utter lack of order. The superintendent calls for it, but does not get it. During singing there are whispering and giggling. During prayer one may sometimes hear a low buzz of conversation. During the lesson-hour children and young people laugh, and play quiet tricks on each other. They look across the room, and give no heed to lesson or teacher. A stranger, the pastor, or the superintendent speaks. Unless so thoroughly entertaining as to make inattention impossible he is embarrassed by smiles and talk in the classes, by one scholar reading a book and another scholar yawning and stretching. Now we acknowledge that speakers in Sunday-school ought to be entertaining; but they ought to be instructive. This latter quality is more important than the other. It is not always easy to be equally pleasing and profitable. Instead, without some responsive effort on the part of the listener, it is impossible. How is it in day-school? Pupils must do their share toward making a recitation successful. The same is true in Sunday-school. It is, moreover, very "vulgar" to be inattentive. "Genteel" people—those who are really polite—are never thoroughly inattentive. It may be hard work to listen, but they do listen.

In the public congregation there is much in the behavior of the young people to annoy the preacher and to hinder him from doing his best work. The same whispering and smiling and gossiping before church. The turning of heads to see who is coming in, to watch the sexton as he lowers a window, or to see who is in or who is out of the choir this morning. During the sermon eyes wander and people look at each other and smile or lean toward each other and whisper.

These irregularities in social and public service are too common, and cannot be too strongly condemned. They are extremely uncivil and impolite. Boors do such things. Ignorant and impulsive people are guilty of them. People accustomed to the lowest grade of social decencies know enough to avoid them. Refined people abhor them. Careless people occasionally fall into them without thinking. And the effect is very damaging. It injures children who ought to be trained to habits of respect and reverence for the house and worship of God. It demoralizes young people who need thoughtful self-control that they may put themselves into an attitude of attention. It drives away serious thought. It neutralizes the power of truth in the sermon. It makes prayer and song mere mockeries. It gives the Roman Church an advantage in the very reverence which they promote.

Here is a field for members of the Oxford League. We hear one of its members, who is resolved to be and to do all that he can to help the minister and the Church, saying:

"God being my helper, I will try to be more reverent in all the services of the Lord's house.

"I will go to the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, and the public service punctually, and not disturb any one by coming in late.

"I will not allow my eyes to wander nor my head needlessly to turn. One thing will I do; I will keep my mind fixed on the service in which I profess, by my own presence, to engage.

"I will, before the service begins, read from my Bible, hymn-book, or lesson-help, and fix my attention on thoughts appropriate to the worship of God.

"I will not converse with my companions nor allow them to divert my attention, but will set them an example of good order and reverence.

"I will give careful heed to every part of the service, whether it be in the Sunday-school, the social meeting, or the church.

"I will, by meditation, by prayer, by outward effort in every possible way, seek to promote my own spiritual life, set a good example to others, and thus help the minister, my pastor, in his high and holy calling."

If fifty Oxford Leaguers in a church were to adopt and carry out this resolution, how blest would the pastor be!

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

INTERROGATION.

SOMETIMES for the sake of rendering a thought more impressive, or of giving an idea greater prominence, an orator or writer puts it in the form of a question—a question which usually requires no answer. This practice has been given a name by rhetoricians—*interrogation*. Examples of interrogation are frequent in printed orations of men like Cicero, Burke, Webster, etc.

The question is asked in such a way that the answer is obvious. If it is an affirmative question the answer is *no*, if a negative the implied reply is *yes*. For example:

"Stand, the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?"

The desired answer is evidently *no*. Again:

"*Beats her pilgrim pulse no longer?*
Sits she dumb and in despair?
Has she none to break the silence?
Has she none to do and dare?"

Here the interrogation has a negative form, and the answer is *yes*.

In some cases the interrogative form is employed to arrest the attention, and the answer follows immediately, as:

"My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—*on what? A fathomless abyss.*"

Interrogation is useful when employed sparingly and with wisdom. It is suited, however, to a higher kind of writing or speaking, and in ordinary conversation would be out of place.

Such questions as, "What do you suppose I saw to-day?" and "Whom do you think I met on the street?" are partly rhetorical. They are asked not only for the sake of having people "guess," but to make the mysterious revelation, which is for a time withheld, all the more astonishing.

Almost all public speakers know the dangers of interrogation, for often a question asked in the heat of a discourse is answered by some practical joker in the audience.

SOME OLD ENGLISH VERSE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was the first great English poet. He sang of simple, every-day life and of common things in a charming way. His verse found its way to the hearts of Englishmen, because it was full of warmth and truth.

The English Chaucer wrote was very different from English of to-day, and it is almost like reading a strange tongue to try to understand his verses. We think, however, that our readers will enjoy a little passage which we quote, and which the notes will make intelligible. It is taken from the description of a Prioress in the "Canterbury Tales:"

"But for to speaken* of her conscience,
She was so charitable and so piteous,†
She wolde‡ weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
Of smale houndes‖ had she that she fed
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel§ bread;
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Or if men smote it with a yerde¶ smart;
And all was conscience and tender heart."

That was written nearly five hundred years ago. We cannot but wonder whether five hundred years more will make our Longfellow or Whittier seem as quaint and old-fashioned as Chaucer appears to us.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."—*Shakespeare.*

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it."—*Addison.*

EXAMPLES OF FIGURES.

The figures in the examples given last week were as follows:

1. Hyperbole. 2. Personification. 3. Personification. 4. Personification and hyperbole. 5. Synecdoche.

*Speak. †Pitiful. ‡Would. ‖Small hounds or dogs. §Waste. ¶Yard-stick or rod.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

KITES.

As the strong winds of March begin to blow across the meadows, the real out-and-out boy feels a longing for a good stout kite, and a ball of the best twine. Kite-flying has been an American institution ever since Mr. Benjamin Franklin invited the electric current down the string of his historic kite, and if his successors make no valuable discoveries they at any rate derive a great deal of pleasure from bridling the wind with wood, paper, and string.

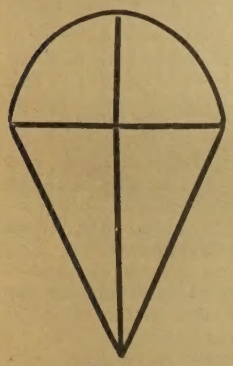


Fig. 1.

There are many patterns of kites. The Chinese are great kite-flyers, and have as many different designs for their kites as there are birds in the air or fish in the sea. These bird, dragon, and fish kites are imported into this country, but it is seldom that they are satisfactorily flown.

The English form of kite is what is called a *bow* kite (Fig. 1). We have seen this kite occasionally in the United States, but it is a proverbial "diver" if the tail is not exactly of the right weight, or if the wind is unsteady.

The most satisfactory form of the kite for flying purposes is the "hexagon," which is ordinarily used in this country. For a good-sized "hexagon" the following dimensions will be found about right, although individual taste may make some slight alteration in the proportions:

The main sticks, *a b* and *c d*, 2 feet each. The cross-stick *e f*, 1 foot 8 inches. These sticks, if possible, should be of dry pine ¼ inch square. They may be found in any planing mill, or the kite-maker can saw them out himself.

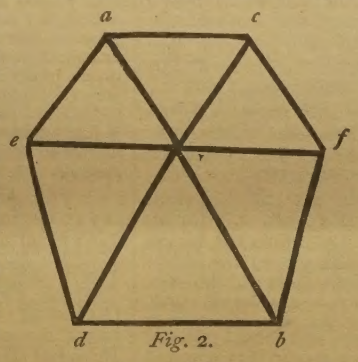


Fig. 2.

When all the sticks have been cut the right length, lay the long sticks on top of one another so that the ends correspond. Ten inches from one end drive a brad carefully through the sticks, and then on through the center of the cross-piece *e f*. After spreading the sticks so that they will be situated something like those in Fig. 2, wind the center crossing firmly with heavy carpet thread.

Next notch the ends of the sticks, and at *d*, *b*, and *f* drive very fine brads into the centers of the notches. Now for the "belt line." Tie the end of a piece of light fish-line to the brad at *d*, pass it over the notches at *e*, *a*, *c*, *f*, *b*, until it comes back to *d* again. Pull it tight and fasten on the brad at *d*. Move the stick *a b* until the distance from *d* to *b* equals 16 inches. Then twist the line around the brad at *b* and the two sticks cannot change their positions. Make *e f* parallel to *d b*, and twist the line around the brad at *f*. Now the sticks will be held rigidly in their proper positions, and the frame thoroughly braced.

To cover the kite, use thin and firm brown paper. Lay a sheet of paper on the floor and place the frame on top of it. With a pencil and ruler draw lines following the outline of the frame an inch from the "belt-line" all around. Cut out the cover, lay the frame on it, paste or mucilage the edges carefully, fold them over the line, and adjust them to the corners firmly. Take care to keep the paper stretched tightly over the frame. Put the kite where it will dry thoroughly before using it. Next week we shall describe the way to "rig" and fly the kite which we will suppose has been made according to our directions.

A GAME OF MAGIC.

WHEN the time begins to drag a little at an evening company of young folks, some amusement and mystery may be introduced by playing the game of Magic.

Two people who understand the game leave the room for a moment, and return, one carrying a cane. The bearer of the wand sways it in a pendulum-like manner in several directions, while the confederate stands by in silence. At length the player with the cane says in a deep voice, "Go." The second player retires to an adjoining room, and the one who remains places the cane on the head of some one in the company.

"Over whom do I hold the cane?" is the question.

"Over Miss C." (indicating the person by name), comes the answer from the next room.

This can be done every time without mistake. The question is, How is the feat performed? If there were only two or three in the circle it would be easy to arrange on a set of signals, by means of questions, but in a large company this is impossible without elaborate preparation. Naturally it would seem that the player pointed to the person over whom the cane was to be held, but the ease with which the trick is done, even when the confederate is blindfolded, destroys this theory.

The secret of the trick is this: The two confederates agree that the *first* person who speaks after the one returns from the other room is to be the person over whom to hold the cane. Of course in a company of four or more there is considerable talking, and it is an easy matter to decide upon the person whom it is so desirable that both players should have in mind.

A CORRESPONDENT from Albany, N. Y., asks us to propose a source of amusement for an evening company of young people. The communication comes too late for us to insert any special plan, but we would call attention to *Charades* as a profitable and pleasant way of spending an evening. Later on we shall try to outline one or two evenings' entertainment.

CHARADES.

A GREAT deal of pleasure is to be derived from bright and well-played charades.

Divide the company into two equal parts, and let one side represent a charade for the others to guess. Of course the "out" side must be told how many syllables the word contains, and whether one or more syllables are represented each time. We shall give skeletons of good charades from time to time, and we shall be glad to have our subscribers send us charades which they have originated or found successful.

IN (Inn) Hotel. Arrival of country guests and city tourists.
CAR Railroad car. Same party traveling. Conductor, newsboy, etc.
CE (Sea) An ocean steamer. Same tourists on board. Captain, steward, etc.
RATE Liverpool. Party in custom-house. Examination of baggage. *Rate* of duty.
INCARCERATE—One of the party discovered in an attempt to smuggle goods through is carried off to jail and *incarcerated*.

WE shall publish in May and June a series of articles on yachts and yachting, by a young gentleman who is an experienced yachtsman, being himself owner of a large schooner yacht, in which he cruises along the New England coast during the summer.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

AT Montreal out of 4,000 deaths during the small-pox epidemic less than 100 were Protestants. Out of five hundred French Protestant families there were only four or five deaths. Why all this? The ignorance and superstition produced by Romanism prevented vaccination.

WHAT a marvelous thing is this new discovery by Mr. A. N. Cole, of Wellsville, N. Y. He publishes a book—the result of personal and repeated experiments—which claims to revolutionize agriculture and horticulture. His scheme does away with the "necessity of experimental stations, experts, chemists, professors of agriculture and horticulture, and a thousand and one other crafts hitherto prevailing."

MR. COLE claims to have found the way "to gather in all waters, coming of rains, dews, and melting snows, and holding them back, housing and husbanding them; to so handle them as to grow the most wonderful crops ever seen on the face of the earth; and to bring out the surplus at the bases of slopes and inclines in living and perpetual springs, and making an end of floods and droughts, and largely defeating the effects of frosts."

"THIS new process of *aquaculture*, in the region of hills and valleys, with favoring conditions generally, will so conserve the waters on no more than ten acres as to beget a fine trout stream. Scarcely a spot can be found in the world where carp ponds may not be begotten with more or less of water entering and discharging continuously."

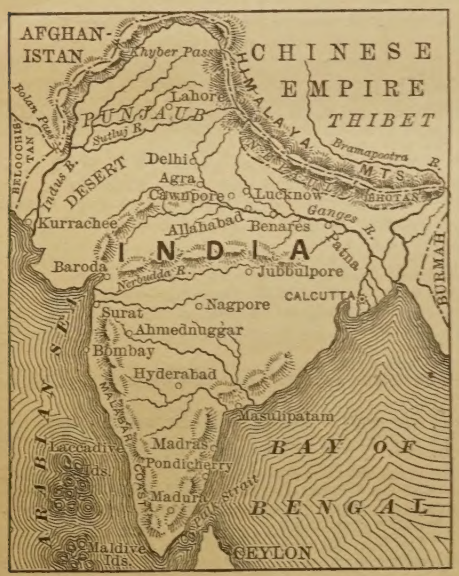
A YOUNG girl writes: "I try to live with a high aim, to exercise patience, to deny myself, and to be helpful. But it is all very hard, and I do not succeed well. My standard is never the same. I am whiffling, like the weather-vane. The two opposites are near together, and yet making the whole so different by the last change. But I have my ideals, which are less changeable. I think there is one thing by which many young people would be made happier, that is, by learning to observe more, and to take enjoyment from every bit of delicate color in nature, from every well-formed tree, the beautiful summer sky, from music, books, pictures, and things which come every day, instead of setting aside special times for enjoyment, and not expecting to find enjoyment elsewhere. I will copy from a letter just received from one of my friends. She says: 'You know how the bright things in our life come frequently if we only make room. Did you ever think how often we look without seeing? As I think of the past and recall childhood, I am surprised that seeing was not more a part of my life. I believe I am a better and a stronger woman for all the hard struggling that has opened my eyes.'"

INDEED if there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation than suffering, surely Christ would have showed it by word and example.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

India.

(Area, British territory, 874,220 sq. miles; native states, 509,284 sq. miles—total, 1,383,504 sq. miles. Population, British territory, 198,755,993; native states, 55,150,456—total, 253,906,449. Ruler, Empress, Victoria of England; Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin.)



INDIA, the second of the three peninsulas of southern Asia, forms an immense triangle nineteen hundred miles on a side and inclosed by the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal, and the wall of the Himalayas, the highest mountain range in the world. Within its vast extent may be found every gradation of surface and climate, from the coolness and fertility of the region which lies among the foot-hills of the Himalaya, to the torrid southern coasts where the tropical sun makes the summer day unendurable. The enormous population of India swarms most thickly in the great plain of the Ganges, the Punjab, and the provinces of Madras and Bombay. These people are of numberless races, speaking a hundred dialects and worshiping scores of gods. Among these myriads the struggle for life is so bitter that in times of famine thousands upon thousands perish. The latest census (1881) thus classifies the people by religion: Hindus, 188,000,000; Mohammedans, 50,000,000; Aboriginals, 6,400,000; Buddhists, 3,400,000; Christians, 1,860,000; all others, 4,000,000. About one half of the Christians are Roman Catholics. In the whole empire there are less than 90,000 persons of British birth. The natives are so divided by a system of castes that it is difficult for missionaries and teachers to work among them with success. In 1883 there were but 2,790,783 children in the schools, while 217,000,000 of the adults could neither read nor write.

Agriculture is the prevailing industry, and the exported products are cotton, opium, linseed, wheat, rice, hides, indigo, jute, tea, coffee, and sugar. The government has assisted in the construction of a great railway system 11,000 miles in extent, and nearly 6,000 vessels are engaged in foreign commerce. There are sixty large towns, Calcutta first with nearly a million people, then Bombay, Madras, Hyderabad, Lucknow, Benares, Delhi, Patna, and Agra.

Little is known of the earlier history of India. We have the language and religion of the early inhabitants, but the history of the people that spoke the Sanskrit, wrote the Vedas, and listened to the teachings of Buddha has been lost. We do know that a succession of conquerors came from Afghanistan and Central Asia, and set up thrones in this rich country which bordered the Ganges. Of these Mohammedan dynasties, the last and grandest was that of the Moguls, who began to rule at Delhi in 1526 and whose wasted strength finally yielded to the vigorous assaults of western nations. Portugal had reached India by land and sea near the close of the fifteenth century, and for a hundred years she flourished by monopolizing the rich Indian trade. Then Holland, France, and England entered the field. England won. A British trading association, the "East India Company," held territories on the coast, and when the grasping policy of France was clearly appreciated, Clive, a military officer in the employ of the Company, struck the blow which established (1757) the supremacy of England in her grandest colony. For just one hundred years the affairs of India were managed or mismanaged by "John Company." In 1857 a rebellion broke out among the Sepoys or native troops. They killed their officers, massacred the women and children at Cawnpore, and besieged numerous fortresses. Months passed before an army could be sent against them. But the army came at last, and the rebellion was crushed. In 1858 the government was reorganized on the present system. The Secretary of State for India (a member of the British Cabinet), assisted by a Council, has full control of Indian affairs. The Governor-General, who resides in India, obeys and executes the orders of this secretary.

THE history of the British in India contains nothing more horrible than the story of the sufferings of one hundred and forty-six English men and women captives, who were imprisoned for a single summer night (June 29, 1756) in a dungeon twenty feet square, which has ever since been known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. In his brilliant essay on "Lord Clive," Macaulay describes the scene:

> Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who even in that extremity retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders; that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if any body woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the meantime held lights to the bars and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch and permitted the door to be opened. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

The German Government.

THE German news which is found in the newspapers is confusing to a person unfamiliar with the present government of Germany. The German Empire is an "eternal union" of twenty-five states, the sovereignty of which is to remain in the family of the Hohenzollerns, the royal line of Prussia. The Emperor is assisted by a Council (Bundesrath) composed of sixty-two delegates from the states. The Parliament or Diet (Reichstag) of the realm consists of three hundred and ninety-seven members, elected by the people. The Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, is President of the Council, and all laws must receive his signature as well as the approval of the Emperor, the Council, and the Diet. This is the Imperial Government.

Until 1871 Prussia stood for Germany upon the list of European Powers. In that year the states combined to form the empire, each state giving up some of its rights to the central government, while retaining a district political organization of its own. Thus the subjects of the German Emperor include the four Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, the Grand-Dukes, Dukes, and Princes of Baden, Brunswick, and the remaining states. The Kingdom of Prussia is not the German Empire, although a number of circumstances conspire to produce that idea. The King of Prussia is the Emperor of Germany. The Prime Minister of Prussia is Chancellor of the Empire. Berlin is at once the capital of the Kingdom and the Empire. Imagine Mr. Cleveland to be at the same time President of the United States and Governor of New York, with a national Congress and a State Legislature both meeting at Albany, and you will have some conception of the way in which the affairs of the German Empire and its leading state are intertwined. The Legislature (Landtag) of Prussia is composed of two branches—a House of Lords, and a Chamber of Deputies—and in this body are made the laws for the management of the internal affairs of the kingdom. The other states are organized in a similar manner. This double authority and dual system of government must be borne in mind by all who are endeavoring to understand the current political discussions in Germany.

KING WILLIAM returned from the war with France (1871) Emperor of a united and satisfied Germany. The long-deferred vengeance due for centuries of French aggression had been exacted with terrible completeness. The divisions which had enfeebled and wasted the nation were canceled. Germany, which had been little more than a geographical expression, was raised to the position which her strength and intelligence entitled her to claim. She was supreme in central Europe; and discerning men everywhere recognized in the greatness of this peaceful and industrious people a new guarantee that the tranquillity of Europe would not in the future be so lightly disturbed as it had been in the past.—*Robert Mackenzie.*

The Poles, Brandy, and Socialism.

IT will be remembered that the closing months of 1885 were signalized by the expulsion of the Polish aliens from the province of Posen in Eastern Prussia. The Imperial Parliament (Reichstag) censured the government for this harsh measure, and Prince Bismarck in the Prussian Diet (Landtag) defended the expulsions. He said that the Poles were disloyal and were continually plotting for the restoration of an independent Polish kingdom. He intimated, also, that it was the intention of the government to purchase the lands of the Polish nobles and colonize them with loyal Germans. The whole affair was a matter of Prussian administration, and the interference of the Imperial Parliament was illegal. The speech was apparently successful in winning the support of the Diet.

But Prince Bismarck has other matters in hand which closely concern the whole nation. The first is the "Brandy Bill," by which the Imperial Government proposes to monopolize the importation, manufacture, and sale of brandy and spirits. The profits of this national liquor-selling agency are needed to meet the heavy military expenses of the empire, amounting in 1884 to $90,000,000. This measure is strongly opposed.

The Chancellor seeks the consent of Parliament for another bill designed to suppress the socialist agitation. The socialists have troubled the Imperial Government for years with their revolutionary demands for freedom of ballot, speech, and education. Under the pressure of the excitement caused by two attempts to assassinate the Emperor, a law was passed in 1878 giving the authorities power to suppress publications, dissolve public meetings, and banish individuals whose presence threatened the stability of the empire. These laws have been rigorously enforced against the socialists, but the doctrines at which they were directed still flourish. The Chancellor now demands the extension of the anti-socialist legislation for a further period of five years.

As parties are divided in Parliament it is doubtful whether the government will be able

to pass these measures. The support of the Roman Catholic or Clerical members, could it be gained, would be sufficient for the Chancellor's purpose. With the apparent object of winning over the Clericals to his side, Prince Bismarck has instituted measures for the repeal of the famous "May laws" of 1873, which placed the Roman Catholic clergy of Prussia under the control of the state, and so curtailed the papal power as to make the Roman Catholics the bitterest enemies of Bismarck's authority. The recent selection of Pope Leo to decide the Carolines dispute between Spain and Germany was heralded as the first step toward a reconciliation between the Roman pontiff and the "Iron Chancellor," and the present proposal to relieve Prussian Catholics of the galling restrictions of the "May laws" is considered the conclusion of peace, assuring the support of the Clericals in Parliament for Bismarck's brandy monopoly and anti-socialist measures.

The Proceedings of Congress.

ALTHOUGH Congress has been in session nearly two months, very little important business has been transacted. The great questions of the yearly appropriations, the silver coinage, the national bankruptcy law, the revision of the tariff, and the admission of new States are still unsettled. The bill to regulate the presidential succession has passed both Houses, and received the President's signature. The Senate has approved the Edmund's anti-Mormon measure, and has voted to admit southern Dakota to the Union. The House has agreed to a bill raising the pension of soldiers' widows to twelve dollars a month, four dollars more than the present allowance, and has passed a "Fitz-John Porter Bill." Fitz-John Porter was a general in the Union army, who was relieved of his command by a court-martial for disobedience of orders in August, 1862. Many previous attempts have been made to remove this stain from his military reputation, but none of these measures has succeeded in gaining the sanction of the President and Congress. The House bill restores him to the army with the rank of colonel.

The Senate has been engaged in a trial of strength with the President. Under the Constitution, office-holders are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Several of the recent nominations have been distasteful to the Republican senators, who demanded of the Executive his reasons for removing the officials whose places he has filled so unacceptably. In every case he has firmly refused to give the Senate the desired information.

The Educational Bill has been the subject of the most interesting debates of the present session of the Senate. This measure, which was introduced by a Republican senator—Blair, of New Hampshire—is a proposition to take from the treasury the sum of $79,000,000 to be distributed for a term of eight years among the States and Territories. This money is to be expended to secure the benefits of a common school education to the children of the United States, and it is to be allotted to the several States in proportion to the number of their inhabitants who are unable to read and write. A large portion of this expenditure would go to the South, where illiteracy is more prevalent. The discussions of the subject have been animated. It is urged in favor of the bill that the nation cannot afford to allow any section to remain behind the general average of education, and that unless the government lends a hand nothing will be done to dispel Southern ignorance. The opposition includes some of the most influential men of all sections, who prove that the South is already doing much to better her own condition, that the States are able and willing to maintain schools, and that government aid would destroy the growing spirit of self-reliance. The "States-Rights" men attack the Blair measure as an unwarrantable interference of Congress in the private concerns of the States, and as preliminary to placing the whole system of free schools in the hands of the central government. The last Senate passed this same measure, but it did not become a law, and the impression seems general that the present bill is not likely to receive the approval of the President in case it should succeed in passing both Houses of Congress.

Pronunciation.

Ab'o-rig'i-nal.
Af-ghan'is-tan, or 'Af-ghăn-is-tăn'.
A'grā (ä'grä).
Bä'den.
Ba-vā'ri-a.
Ber-lin'.
Ben-ä'rĕs.
Ben-gal' (-gawl').
Bom-bāy'.
Bruns'wick.
Bud'dha (Bood'dä).
Bünd es-rath (-rät).
Căl-cut'ta.
Cawn-pōre'.
Clīve.
Del'hi (Del'lee).
Dī'et.
Gan'gēs (-jeez).
Hin'du.
Him-a-lāy'a.
Hōh'en-zol'lern.
Hy'der-a-bäd'.
Länd'täg.
Lē'ō.
Lŭck'now.
Mac-au'lay.
Mad-ras'.
Mō-gül'.
Mō-ham'me-dan.
Nä'bob.
Pat'na.
Pō'lish.
Pōrt'u-gal.
Prus'sia.
Pun-jāb'.
Reīchs'täg (Rīkes'-).
San'skrit.
Sax'o-ny.
Sē'poy.
U-go-li'no (-lee'-).
Vē'da.
Wur'tem-berg.

A Brief Survey.

THERE was an orderly gathering of 50,000 socialists in London February 21. As the result of the recent riots the chief of the London police has been removed.——The Duke of Braganza, crown-prince of Portugal, is to marry the Princess Amalie, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris, the head of the royal house of France.——Italy charges the United States of Colombia with maltreating Italian subjects, and demands satisfaction. It is proposed to invite Spain to decide the dispute.——The United States frigate *Galena* has captured the steamer *City of Mexico* accused of carrying troops and ammunition to aid the revolutionists in Honduras.——Wilmington, N. C., was visited February 21 by a fire which destroyed the business portion of the city. Loss, $1,000,000.——Senator Frye has introduced a bill directing the President to invite delegates from all the independent states of North, Central, and South America, to convene at Washington, October 1, 1886, to consider questions of common interest, such as an American customs union, a uniform system of weights and measures, and silver coinage, a plan for the settlement of disputes between American states, and for repelling the encroachments of European monarchical power.——A winter carnival opened brilliantly at Burlington, Vt., February 22.——The United States Senate has appropriated $250,000 for a Grant monument in Washington.——February 22 forty-two Chinamen were driven out of Oregon City, Ore., by a mob.——A railroad war has reduced the fare from New York to San Francisco to $50, less than one half the usual rate.——Work has been generally resumed in the Pennsylvania coke regions after the long strike. But many of the Hungarian workmen are not satisfied with the advanced wages, and refuse to return.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Little Paul, five years old, has been poking at the range, and burned a hole in his sleeve. His mother says:

"You will surely catch afire, and there will be nothing left of you but a little pile of ashes. What will I say then?"

At once Paul replies, "You will say, 'Kate, shovel up those ashes!'"—*Ex.*

—"Shine 'em uppa?" said an Italian bootblack to Pat, just landed.

"Phat's the charge?" asked Pat.

"Five centa."

"Yerra," said Pat, as he seated himself in the chair, "it is a foine counthry, Ameriky, where a poor Oirishman can get his boots blacked by a gintlemon wid goold rings in his ears."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Chinaman is not incapable of humor. Gin Fun, a Sacramento laundryman, has joined the Anti-Coolie League, and posts over the door of his washee-house the sign, "The Chinese must go. None but Melican man employed here." There is fun in Gin Fun.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—A small Harrow boy, being asked by his parents at a cricket match whether a youth named Cobden, who was making a splendid score, was "any relative to the great Cobden," replied, all unconscious of the exploits of the free-trade champion, "He *is* the great Cobden."

—"Didn't you sell any peanuts?" inquired the experienced train boy of the new recruit.

"No," was the reply.

"Go through the car an' give each passenger a peanut."

The new recruit did so.

"Now try 'em ag'in," said the train boy of experience.

Presently the new recruit came after more peanuts.

"You want to keep your eyes open in this business, young feller," admonished the expert, refilling the basket. "Any body'll eat a peanut what don't cost him nothin', an' when he once gits the flavor he's gone. You've got to study human nature."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Nearly every day somebody unearths an "old rhyme" of a meteorological character—such as,

"If February gives much snow,
A fine summer it doth foreshow;"

or,

"If March is full of wind and rain,
The farmer will have a good crop of grain."

These "old rhymes" are now manufactured in every enterprising newspaper office, and they are verified quite as often as the "old rhymes" made a century ago. Here's one for instance that may be depended upon:

"If in June, July, and August no rain there be,
A very dry summer you'll surely see."
—*Norristown Herald.*

—A little three-year-old miss on the east side, toddling up stairs the other day, noticed that the servant had removed the carpet from her room and was scrubbing the floor. Said she, "Hello, Rosa, has you moved your kitchen floor up stairs?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

—The Hindus are complaining about the poor quality of idols furnished them by the Birmingham manufacturers. People who would foist an adulterated article of idol upon their customers are utterly devoid of all the finer and nobler attributes of manhood.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Bobby," said mamma, severely, "get right down. If you stand on that chair you will fall and hurt yourself. If you do it again I shall have to whip you."

"Well, if you don't want me to get hurt," argued Bobby, "what do you want to threaten to whip me for?"

But he got down off the chair.—*Ex.*

—What a society girl says:

The way her green dress fits is The rain last night was The music of the band is No breakfast after 10 A. M. is The way Mr. Jones laughs is The way DeCoursey stole from that bank is	Perfectly dreadful.
Just think of that—men in Africa carrying off 1,000 women to eat them! It is	—*Ex.*

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